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AIRS, BALLADS, &c.

IN THE

BLACKAMOOR WASH'D WHITE.

Play-book not printed

A

NEW COMIC OPERA.

Bate-Dudley

AS IT WILL BE PERFORMED THIS EVENING

AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

PRINTED BY COX AND BIGG, IN THE SAVOY; AND SOLD BY J. CORRAL, BOOKSELLER, CATHERINE-STREET, STRAND. MDCCLXXVI.

[Price SIXPENCE.]

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Frederic, - - - - - - - -	Mr. Vernon.
Sir Oliver Oddfiſh, - - - -	Mr. Parſons.
Grenvile, - - - - - - -	Mr. Davies.
Robert, - - - - - - - -	Mr. Burton.
And Jerry, - - - - - -	Mr. King.
Julia, - - - - - - - - -	Mrs. Siddons.
Lady Oddfiſh, - - - - -	Mrs. Wrighten.
Dame Dowſet, - - - - - -	Mrs. Bradſhaw.

Servants, &c. &c.

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And Jerry, - - - - - - Mr. King.

Julia, - - - - - - - - - Mrs. Skeggs.

Lady Oddity, - - - - - - Mrs. Wrighten.

Dame Dowlas, - - - - - - Mrs. Baddeley.

Servants, &c. &c.

AIRS, BALLADS, &c.

ACT I.

AIR I. Mr. Parsons.

LOOK ye here!
Ay and there!
Oh, my ruin now is clear,
For I've track'd him above, and below:
Hopes are vain;—
See its plain
Where he doubles back again,
Like a friſky jack-hare in the ſnow!

AIR II. Mr. Parsons.

When a woman's brain teems
With ſuch ſtrange wanton dreams,
And ſhe toſſes, and turns in her bed,
'Tis at leaſt ten to one
But the huſband's undone,
Since the birth is deſign'd for *his* head.

Mercy what have we here?—
I am pregnant I fear,
My diſorder no med'cine can cure!
I feel ſuch a ſhooting,
I'm ſurely cornuting,
Oh, the labour how ſhall I endure!

AIR III. Mrs. Bradshaw.

Tho' lords and ladies ſhine
In finer cloaths than mine,
I have none of their cares for to ſtout me;
I envy not their pelf,
I'm a dutcheſs in myſelf,
With my cocks, and my hens all about me.

AIR

AIR IV. Mr. Davies.

Love and woman in uniſon play:—
To keep courtſhip's ſky bright, and clear,
Ma'm's as gentle as May,
Bills, and coos all the day,
Tho' diſcord is cloſe in the rear!—

So Love's catering, ſaucy, ſly, pickle,
The poiſon conceals of his dart,
For firſt with the feather he'll tickle,
And then—ſtrike the barb to your heart!

AIR V. Mr. Vernon.

The ſtream that environ'd her cot
All the charms of my deity knew;
How oft has its courſe been forgot,
While it paus'd—her dear image to woo?

Believe me, the fond ſilver tide
Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize,
For, ſilently ſwelling with pride,
It reflected her—back to the ſkies.

VI. BALLAD. Mr. King.

I.

When firſt I came hither to *ſarvice*,
I thought I wou'd learn how to woo,
So at Lammas I courted *Doll Jarviſe*,
Oh, there was the devil to do!
Tho'f at firſt my poor heart ſhe *decoy'd* it,
She made it as ſick as a dog,
And like a *Jack Lantern* decoy'd it
With her eyes,—over briar and bog.

II.

Odſooks, but the tit beat me hollow,
She run me ſo ſoon off my wind;
For the more little Jerry did follow,
She left him the further behind;
But one moon-ſhiny night made me happy,
For home in a tiff did I jog,
And left *Doll* for to find a new *ſappy*,
To dance over briar and bog.

AIR

AIR VII. MRS. WRIGHTEN.

How weak the maid, who's led aſtray
By ſtate, by wealth, or faſhion?
Whoſe heart can never own their ſway,
For love's a gen'rous paſſion!

Where ſhall the ſelf-made captive find
A joy, that's worth the knowing?
But from two hearts by love conjoin'd,
What endleſs tranſports flowing!

VIII. BALLAD. MR. KING.

I.

Muſt a Chriſtian man's ſon born and bred up,
By a *Negar* be flung in diſgrace,—
Be aſham'd for to hold his poor head up,
'Ca'ſe as how he has got a white face?
—No, never mind, little *Jerry*,
Let your honeſt heart be merry;
Britiſh boys will ſtill be right,
Till they prove that *black* is *white*!

M'hap

II.

M'hap the nabob, that brought the poor creature
From his father, and mother, and all,
Is himſelf of a blackamoor nature,
Dark within as the tribe of Bengal.
—So never mind it, little *Jerry*,
Let your honeſt heart be merry;
Britiſh boys will ſtill be right,
Till they prove that *black* is *white*!

AIRS, BALLADS, &c.

ACT II.

*AIR IX. Mr. Vernon.

WHEN Julia fled, her conſtant ſwain
(How could ſhe ſlight him ſo?)
I ſought her ſteps o'er ev'ry plain,
Oppreſt with love, and woe:
I hung my lyre upon a tree,
And cry'd with aching heart,
Ye Gods! how cruel your decree!
Muſt I, and Julia part?

* Theſe ſtanzas, (the only air originally intended for the piece), were written to the very celebrated *Gramachrie*, long before it was known, that the author of the *Duenna* intended to make uſe of it in his favourite opera.

In

In vain I ſearch'd the beechen grove,
'Till night had veil'd the ſkies,
Ah where ſhone then thoſe ſtars of love,
The rays from Julia's eyes?
The woodland caught the mournful ſtrain
That wrung my aching heart;
The live-long night I cry'd in vain,
Muſt I, and JULIA part?

AIR X. MR. VERNON.

The ſchool-boy thus in higheſt glee
A like diſaſter meets,
Who thinks to rob each active bee
Of all their treaſur'd ſweets:

For inſtinct the deſign explores,
The neſt is all on wing,
So that inſtead of honey'd ſtores,
The thief receives—a *ſting!*

AIR

AIR XI. Mrs. Wrighten.

For the freſh blooming ſpring nature ſighs,
When *Winter* that monſter appears,
Whoſe jealouſy veils the bright ſkies,
Leſt they melt the cold locks round his ears.
Though he pours hail and ſnow,
And his blaſts wildly blow,
Not a ſubject his fury ſhall gain:
Not a bud ſhall e'er ſhoot,
Nor a bloſſom bear fruit;
Not a ſun ſhine to chear
His ſad froſt-bitten year,—
Till the tyrant forego his fell reign!

AIR XII. Mrs. Wrighten.

No, you're not an earthly creature,
But death's ſhadow in diſguiſe!
See him ſtamp'd on ev'ry feature!
What a pair of rolling eyes!
Don't come nigh me,
Let me fly thee,

Or I faint—I fall—I die!
See death yonder!—
Now I wonder,
Who outruns, the ghoſt,—or I?

AIR XIII. Mr. Vernon.

1.

Was e'er ſuch a ſplenetic elf?
What a whimſical figure of fun!
Who baits the fool's trap for himſelf,
And then cries aloud he's undone.
Sure of folly's whole brood he's the firſt,
Never was ſuch an antic,
Capricious!
Suſpicious!
Ever jealous or frantic,
I ſhall laugh at his tricks till I burſt!

2.

Long as e'er by theſe megrums poſſeſt,
What repoſe ſhall his boſom once find?
'Tis an ocean that never can reſt,
Convuls'd with the ſtorms of his mind:—
Was e'er ſuch a ſplenetic elf, &c.

[*Da Capo.*

FINALE

FINALE.

DUET. Mr. Davies and Mrs. Wrighten.

Happy morn of love and joy!
What ſhall Wedlock's bliſs annoy?
Hence afar Suſpicion's flown,
Hymen mark the day thy own.

Mr. Vernon.

Here my fault'ring tongue firſt woo'd thee!

Mrs. Siddons.

Here my raviſh'd eyes firſt view'd thee!

Both.

Mark our love, ye nymphs and ſwains:

Mrs. Siddons.

Here 'twas plighted!

Mr. Vernon.

Here requited!

Mr. Davis and Mrs. Wrighten.

Tell it echo thro' the plains:

CHORUS.

FINALE.

CHORUS.

Happy morn of love and joy!
What shall WEDLOCK's bliss annoy?
Hence afar SUSPICION's flown,
HYMEN, mark the day thy own!